# MR. HAWLEY BREAKS INTO SONG

by

DON MARQUIS

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*by*

DON MARQUIS

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*None of which is for sale.*

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## MR. HAWLEY BREAKS INTO SONG

King David was a setting there on the
Walls of Jerryko
When he seen a gal in a bathing suit
upon the beach below;
The bathing suits of the Erly Days was
them that Natcher made
With nothing addishinal added on to
furnish warmth and shade,
"Where have I saw that face afore?" in-
quired his royyal grace.
Says the lord high Execushioner: "I
hadn't noticed her face."
"You go and find her husband's name
and other simmilar facks,"
Says the king to the Execushioner, "and
measure his neck for an axe;—
For the tirtle doves is singing sweet, as
a matter of fact, it's Spring,
And just for the sake of argyment I'll
show him who is king!"

"How does Yure Majjisty know she is
married?" the lord high axman
said.

"Most ladies as lovely as that," says the
king, "is all ways somewhat wed.

You go and put up a job on her spouse,
something effishent and slick,

For I am a goanto marry that dame, I'm
a goanto marry her quick.

The cuckoo birds is a singing loud, and
the signs all point to Spring,

And just for the sake of argyment, I'll
show 'em who is king!"

*And the king sings out to the little dame:*
*"Come hither, my pretty lass!*
*As a most exxperrienced Peetryarch, I'll*
*say you got the class!*
*Tonight, at a quarter to twelve, my dear,*
*your husband gets the knife;*
*Tomorrow, eleven o'clock A. M., we*
*hitch as Man and Wife."*
*"Yure Majjisty, what will the Naybors*
*say if we pull that stuff so soon?"*
*"Oh, tell the naybors it is May, and soon*
*it will be June,*
*And the Bumbling Bees is bumbling by*
*—oh, what the hell, it's Spring!*
*And just for the sake of argyment, I'll*
*show 'em who is king!"*

At *midnight he made her a widow sad,*
*at noon a happy bride,*
Oh, *he was a bullnecked* Peetryarch,
*plumb full of pep and pride!*
Whatever *his feelings said to do, he went*
*and done it straight,*
For *what is the use of being a king if*
*you gotto wait and wait?*

King David uset to plunk the harp and
warble all day long,
Whenever he felt religious-like he took
it out in song;
He was great on Samms of Repentense
when he knowed he had done
wrong—
He all ways felt he would be forgive if
the Samms was suffishent strong.
"I do what I dam well pleese," he says,
"espeshil in the Spring;
Just for the sake of argyment, I show
'em who is king.
And later, if I should get remorse, I
sings and sings and sings—
And I've pulled darned little that wasn't
forgave when I tickled the greevious
strings!"

One *day an* Erly Proffit *come with sand burrs in his beard—*

"If I *had done what you have done, by* Heck, I *would be skeered!*

Here *you sets on your golden throne as hawty as you-be-dam,*

With *a golden crown and a golden harp, singing a golden* Samm,

But *under your garb and garbageness you are only a royyal sham,*

For *you stooped down out of your gorgeousness to steal an* E-Wee Lamb!"

"I*s it one of them times,*" *says the royyal king,* "*when* I *gotto go and repent?*

I*s it one of them times when* I *orter feel remorse for the road* I *went?*

B*ecause if it is, they's a brand new tune a running through my head,*

A*nd brand new verses is rising up that has never been* Sammed *nor said;*

I*f it's one of them times when a* Peetryarch *turns greevious and repents*

I *got the notions in my bean for some wonderful elloquence!*

I*f* I *gotto go down on my marrow bones and wallow in woe a while*

I *got all the ellyments rounded up to do the thing in style!*

I *will admit it's a heluva thing for a king to steal and thieve,*

B*ut just for the sake of argyment,* I'*ll show 'em who can grieve!*"

You can't get the best of a bird like that
who does what he wants to do
And then kneals down with a Brokken
Heart and remorses the whole thing
through,
You gotto admire a Peetryarch who does
what he dam well pleese
With a trusting faith he will be forgave
as soon as he hits his knees.
The Samms that he wrote when his Con-
shince hurt was the best of all his
Samms,
And he knowed they was, and he uset to
say, when the Proffits talked of
shams:
"Proffits and loss is the word today; to-
morrow, it's E-Wee Lambs!"

And *down from the sky a cherrib comes*
*to hear him twang the strings,*
And, "Crikey," *he says, "when he's all*
*greeved up how well* King David
*sings!*
Some *way orter be figgered out, twixt*
*woe and* E-Wee Lambs,
To *keep this royyal bird engaged on*
*nothing else but* Samms!"

The Morel is to do what you please and
then you done your part.
The king was a feller, the record says,
after the Lord's own heart.
"The bleat of the E-Wee Lamb," he says,
"points to the fact it's Spring—
And just for the sake of argyment, I'll
show 'em who is king!
And then (he says) if my Conshince
hurts, later, to get releef,
Just for the sake of argyment, I'll give
'em points on grief!"

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